

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 510.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1884.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER 228.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON.

Published Tuesdays and Fridays,

\$2.00 PER ANNUM

When paid strictly in advance. If we have to wait any time, \$2.50 will be charged.

GEO. O. BARNES in ENGLAND

"PRAISE THE LORD"

WELLAND HOUSE,
NEW BARNET, HERTS, FEB 4, '84.

Dear Interior:
I am afraid the recent break in our correspondence will teach economy in the way most of us learn it, by unpleasant experience. Lavish expenditure of either money or material, when there is plenty of it, is generally followed by the reaction, that has given rise to the popular proverb, "A feast or a famine." And so it will be to the end of the chapter. However, in this case, it may be a real relief to miss the semi-weekly letter and a wholesome change may not be unacceptable.

We remained the happy guests of our Bexley Heath friends—the Limmers—for three days, putting in Monday, the 21st of January and Wednesday, the 23d, at the Heath and Tuesday holding services at Erith, four miles away. It was a great joy to find the seed sown last fall a waving harvest of blessing in Bexley. Indeed, the pure word seems more deeply rooted in Kent than any where we have yet wrought for the LORD. At the bible readings in the Congregational church and the evangelistic services in Coverdale Hall during this brief second visit, many more received definite blessing, while the two services at Erith, in the Baptist and Congregational churches there, will, I am confident, prove the way for a series of meetings in the near future, if the dear LORD tarry. The pastors of these churches are both nice young men, who seem to long for a blessing upon their respective churches.

THURSDAY, JAN. 24th.—It was quite a case of "tearing ourselves away" from the dear Limmers' hospitable mansion. Will and Mama stopped at London Bridge with all the baggage, while the girls and I went on to Canon street to get our usual service with our dear "working women" in Aldersgate and Jewin streets. This cost us 7 shillings and 8 pence for extra baggage, as they were found with only two tickets and baggage enough for six. We shall get every penny of it back, after correspondence and explanations and references and a grind of a week or two through the inevitable "red tape" mill. The companies require travelers to have implicit faith in them, while exercising none whatever in return. I will say this, however, for it has impressed me deeply, though the circumlocution office is slow, it is very sure, and wrongs are righted most satisfactorily, if one has only patience to wait. There is a sense of what is just and fair that permeates even the flintiest corporation, because it is rooted in the English character. "Fair play is a jewel in the British crown of morality; a very magna charta, wrong from ages of suffering from injustice and foul play. When we in America have passed through the same ordeal, we shall have the same deeply-rooted sturdy sense of purpose to do the fair thing, as between man and man, that marks the national character of our elder brethren.

A joyous two hours at Aldersgate and Jewin streets, where we met our dear Miss Freeman and Janie Bartlett, from Highgate. The former is so very like our favorite cousin in Louisville, in face and manner and speech, that we always call her "Cousin Judie" now. After the services in the city they came home with us and we had a delightful time at 102.

Dear Charles Cheyse is with us for a week. He ran down to Dartford last Saturday and we borrowed him for a clear eight days. He is as bright and cheery that it is a pleasure to have him with us, of all the good friends the LORD has given us in England, no one is truer than Charles and he is perhaps more like one of the family circle than any one else. Though a little older than Will, he has an appearance of youthfulness that would deceive the very best judge of age; and the mistakes occasioned by this is a source of no little amusement at times.

At night, piloted by our good Brother Green, by whose invitation the week's service in Rutehill was undertaken, we made our way to the scene of the next meeting. The little hall, holding about 150, is in a sub-division of Ratcliff district, called Shadwell, where poverty herds and shivers and fevers and half starves till the release comes, which yet, for most is no release, but only an open door to a worse fate. Here we found about 50 people gathered, nearly all Christians, and a little knot of ragged and forlorn-looking spectators clustered about the door, but refusing to enter. The room soon filled after we began and the LORD gave us a good meeting, with a number of conversions of the blessed Name before the close.

FRIDAY, JAN. 25th.—The meeting at Shadwell better attended to-night than last. I find that the enterprise has been recently demoralized by the secession of ten of the most active workers, for some cause not explained and which I did not seek to know.

Somehow the place seems to be in bad odor with the people, for whose good it was established and they do not seem inclined to attend the services with anything like desire, much less enthusiasm. There is a general atmosphere of depression hanging about the place. Well, we are sent to do what we can to "bind up the broken-hearted" and cheer up the downcast. And we did what we could to-night, with marked success—the LORD "accompanying the word, with signs following." One of the brethren, who has earned the sobriquet of "Happy Billy," gave some most stentorian shouts to testify his joy, the first of which rather startled me, having heard nothing like it since Green county, Ky. Several more confessions of the Savior.

SATURDAY, JAN. 26th.—Ten of us went up to the "Zoo" to see the "white elephant," Barnum's "latest." The papers have been full of the animal for a week or two, and con, the general public pronouncing him a prodigious humbug, but the manager, armed with all sorts of testimonials (some unquestioned and others sharply criticized) stoutly insisting that the company have really in possession an elephant that satisfied the Burmese on the score of sanctity, whether it will the British and American or not; and that when an accredited specimen of that sort is brought over and exhibited *bona fide*, there the responsibility of the showman ends. And that sounds reasonable. But the British public had set its expectations so high that, when instead of a "white elephant," or one even approaching whiteness, there was offered for their inspection a dingy-looking, undersized, razor-backed brute, with mottled ears and a flesh-colored streak dimly discernible along his face and trunk, they naturally got into quite a pet about it and declared the whole thing another "Yankee sell."

(Continued next issue.)

How Mr. Beck Became Senator.

At a meeting of the Washington Press Club the other night, Col. Wintersmith, of Kentucky, told the following story: I was a candidate for Senator from Kentucky in 1876," he said, "when I told one story that defeated me, but I can tell it now without any such danger. One day I was in the gallery of the Senate when Mr. Cressy of Kentucky, rose to make a speech. Every Senator on the floor sought the clock-room except his colleague, Garrett Davis, and the President, I could not help that, but when a stampede from the galleries began I felt that my opportunity had come. Jumping to my feet I shouted: 'Senator McCrory is a Kentuckian, so am I. The first man who moves out of this gallery shall die.' All took their seats under duress, and for more than five mortal hours even we sat still listening to his address. When it was over I lowered the pistol, which I had held ready in my hands and the crowd started. With a gesture one man stopped the rush. 'Col. Wintersmith,' he said, 'we have stayed here under duress at your request. Now let me ask you a favor.' 'It is granted before it is asked,' I said, not to be outdone in courtesy. He went on: 'Col. Wintersmith, we have been here six hours, because we preferred to stay rather than be shot. But, if this emergency ever happens again, we ask you simply this—shoot, without any parley.' Some newspaper men got hold of it. McCrory's friends were so angry with me that rather than see me elected they turned in and chose Beck. It does not pay to be indiscreet and telling this story spoiled my being a senator."

The Wire Age.

Future annals may well describe this period of American history as the wire age. In no part of the economy of our daily life are we divorced from wire. It is our slave, and yet an ever present master. Sleeping, we repose on wire mattresses. Eating, we see foods which have passed through sieves, and which are sheltered from insect appetite by wire covers. Calling, we pull wires to ring curled wire gongs. Traveling, we are conveyed by cable or electric railways, hoisted by elevators hung on wires, and hurried over wire bridges. We announce our coming by telegraph or telephone wire, and we thread our way by night through streets lighted by means of electric cables. Across our fields are strung many thousands of miles of barbed wire fences against which dumb brutes protest, Texas rangers draw the knife, and lawyers, juries, judges, and reporters whet their intellectual blades. Our clocks are set by wires, our watches run by wires, our books are stitched with wires, our pictures hung by wires, and our politics managed by wires.—(Boston Advertiser.)

Ruthon is a new postoffice in Madison county.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Cancers, Piles, Chilblains, Corns, Tetters, Chapped Hands and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance, or money refunded. A positive cure for Piles. 25c per box. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

Never Give Up.

If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50 cents a bottle by Penny & McAllister.

BROTHER BOGLE'S BUDGET.

[FOR THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.]

The devil was found shirking in a corner and the following captured from his fiendish hands. We print it as the cruellest punishment consistent with our amiability.

PARODY ON SCOTT'S "HAE HAE WI' WAL."

LACE BLEED.

Man on whom our light is shed,
Man, to whose hands our sheet has sped,
Man, who our paper long has read,
Come pay the printer now.

He who the path of duty treads,
His burden lightened as he reads,
His soul inflamed for nobler deeds,
Should pay the printer now.

The politician steeped in care,
With forehead brow and anxious air,
Who seeks to make his record fair,
Should surely pay the printer.

The father as he bows his head,
And thanks his Lord for daily bread,
And blessings on his pathway shed,
Will surely pay the printer.

The man who'd win the laurel of fame,
Who'd shun disgrace, and free from blame
Would leave behind a spotless name,
Is bound to pay the printer.

How sweet will be your sleep to-night,
Your visions filled with cheering light,
Your waking healthful, buoyant, bright,
If you just pay the printer.

THE OLD FASHIONED SCHOOL HOUSE.

The educational system adopted in Lincoln in early days was pretty much the same as prevailed in that day in all the newer settlements. The school-house, which was usually located in a dense old forest, was built of logs, unhewn, the crevices being rudely stopped (if stopped at all) with clay mortar. The roof was of clapboards laid upon poles, which gradually ascended and narrowed to the apex and these were held in place by superincumbent poles, each of which served the double purpose of binding the boards on which it rested and receiving the ends of those in the tier immediately above. Stoves were not among the luxuries of the time, but the primitive fire place was a marvel of ingenuity, simplicity and efficiency. It was built of logs split into halves and forming three sides of a square, the fourth and inner side being open to receive the fuel and diffuse the heat. This pen was usually five or six feet high and lined with a rough wall of stones and clay. From this height it sloped upward to a flue some 18 or 20 inches square and built on the four sides with square sticks, thickly plastered inside and out with clay mortar and rising about to the highest part of the roof. The floor was of puncheons, i. e., slabs split from the sides of large logs and laid with the flat surfaces up. The desks and seats were constructed of the same style of lumber, the latter being gutted of backs and supported on legs, generally obtained from splines and let into the lower side of the seat by means of a large auger. The seats were generally so high that it was impossible for those occupying them to reach the floor with their feet, and thus the torture of the position was an effective prevention of sleep during school hours. The light was admitted to these primitive colleges by cutting out a single log the whole length of the building. This opening was sometimes supplied with glass, but generally open. The teachers were mostly supplied from the ranks of adventurers from other States. The majority of the early teachers were Irish, who usually did very effective work during five days of the week, but had a glorious drunk on Saturday and Sunday. Under this unpromising tutelage the sons and daughters of old Lincoln were obliged to climb "the steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar," and with all the drawbacks of the situation made surprising acquaintance with elementary education, especially that portion which Paddy classes as "the three R's—readin', ritin' and 'rathemetic." School books were seldom changed in those days. The New England Primer, on which the grandmother had fed, furnished nourishment to the minds of her descendants. Dilworth and Pike and Murray were the honored names that had guided the steps of all preceding generations, so far as heard from and were still the true and accepted lights of science. The pathetic story of the martyred John Rogers, which had been wept over for centuries, had lost none of its freshness; and the question whether nine or ten "small children followed him to the stake," which had been the problem of ages, was eagerly pondered still, and even to this day has never been satisfactorily answered. An iron rule was peculiarly the characteristic regime of the time. The theory and practice required that the master should not "spare the rod," even though he should literally "spoil the child" by his conscientious application of it. Every symptom of a relaxation of attention to the musty page was regarded and treated as an infraction of the higher law; and the conclusion seems to be inevitable that but for the fact that the school term seldom extended beyond three months in the year, thus leaving nine months for recuperation, the rugged systems of even the young pioneers must have sunk beneath the tortures of the educational curriculum.

—The widow of A. T. Stewart has sold the "Stewart Building" on Broadway and Chambers street, New York, to Judge Hillton, for \$2,100,000.

—The Louisville & Nashville fast Mardi-Gras special made one spout of ninety-three miles in one hundred minutes. The average running time for the entire distance was thirty-seven miles an hour.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT

Lancaster.

—Willie Adams, Jr., of Paint Lick, has assigned for the benefit of his creditors.

—McWade will present "Rip Van Winkle" at the City Hall next Monday night. He has the reputation of being a good actor and will draw a large crowd.

—Col. W. J. Landrum has returned from Cynthia, where he delivered an address on the 22d to the Mexican veterans. The address was well written and delivered and has been highly praised.

—There has been some talk among the young ladies of giving a leap-year party within a few days. We are as yet unable to give any definite information as to the character of the entertainment and time.

—Rev. Mr. Leavitt, of Allegheny, Penn., preached at the Presbyterian church last Sunday and will hold services at the same place next Sunday. The congregation seems to be delighted with him. He may be called to this church shortly if he suits the people.

—Guinness & Abbey's N. Y. Company appeared at the City Hall Monday night in "East and West Lynne" and Tuesday night in "Hazel Kirke." Both plays were acted in fine style. They were well-pleased with the crowds both nights and have decided to return Friday night from Richmond to play "Lady Audley's Secret" before starting South. They regard Lancaster the best show town in Central Kentucky.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by Jno. B. Fish.

(DELAWARE LETTER.)

—J. J. Thompson has bought the Matt Owens farm, containing about 120 acres, for \$900.

—A dramatic troupe has been formed by the young folks of our town. They will give a public entertainment about the 1st of April.

—The Academy building at Brodhead is progressing very rapidly; the frame is up and weatherboarded. The house will cost about \$1,500 and will be ready for occupation in the early part of the summer.

—John Burkart and Green Bord, the negroes who broke into Home & Wilson's store at Livingston, made an attempt to break jail by burning a hole in the wall, but the alarm of fire frustrated their plans.

—Anderson Cox, an old and respected citizen of this county, was killed by the passenger train Sunday evening at the trestle below Pine Hill. The train was a few minutes late and he started to walk across the trestle, when it came around the curve and before he could get out of the way had run on to him and knocked him off. He was killed almost instantly. The height of the trestle is about 20 to 40 feet. He was 70 years of age.

Women with pale, colorless faces, who feel weak and discouraged, will receive both mental and bodily vigor by using Carter's Iron Pills, which are made for the blood, nerves and complexion.

HON. A. G. TALBOTT

is a Candidate for Congress in this district, subject to the action of the democracy.

A Grand Combination

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL

—And the Louisville—

Weekly Courier-Journal

One year for only \$3—two papers for little more than the price of one.

By paying us \$3 you will receive for one year your home paper with the Courier-Journal, the representative newspaper of the South, democratic and for a tariff for revenue only, and the best, brightest and ablest family weekly in the United States. Those who desire to examine a sample copy of the Courier-Journal can do so at this office.

THE SUN

NEW YORK, 1884.

About sixty million copies of THE SUN have gone out of our establishment during the past 12 months.

If you were to paste end to end all the columns of all the Sun's printed and sold last year you would get a continuous strip of interesting information common sense wisdom, sound doctrine and sense with long enough to reach from Printing House square to the top of Mount Copernicus in the moon, then back to Printing House square and then three-quarters of the way back to the moon again.

But THE SUN is written for the inhabitants of the earth; this same strip of intelligence would girdle the globe 27 or 28 times.

Every buyer of THE SUN during the last year was sent only one hour over it, and if his wife or grandfather has spent another hour, this newspaper has afforded the human race thirteen thousand years of steady reading, night and day.

It is only by little calculations like these that we can form any idea of the circulation of the most popular of American newspapers, or of its influence on the opinions and actions of American men and women.

THE SUN is and will continue to be a newspaper which tells the truth without fear of consequences which gets at the facts no matter how much the process costs, which represents the news of all the world without waste of words and in the most readable shape, which is working with all its heart for the cause of honest government, and which therefore believes that the Republican party must go, and must go in this coming year of our Lord, 1884.

If you know THE SUN, you like it already, and you will read it with accustomed diligence and profit during what is sure to be the most interesting year in its history. If you do not yet know THE SUN, it is high time to get into the machine.

TERMS TO MAIL SUBSCRIBERS.

The several editions of THE SUN are sent by mail postpaid, as follows:—

DAILY—50 cents a month, \$6 a year; with Sunday edition, \$7.

SUNDAY—Eight pages. This edition furnishes the current news of the world; special articles of exceptional interest to everybody; and literary reviews of new books of the highest merit. \$1 a year.

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Address: J. W. ENGLAND, Publisher, The Sun, New York City, 19-20.

FINE FARM FOR SALE!

I will sell privately, as a whole, or in parcels to suit purchasers, the Logan's Fort farm of 210 acres in the corporate limits of Stanford, Ky. The land fronts $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile on Danville street, is of the best soil in Kentucky, has on it a large and comfortable residence and the best spring in Lincoln county. For terms or inspection of the place, apply to Mrs. Emma Rochester on the premises, or to me at my law-office in Stanford, Ky. W. G. WELCH.

Feb. 19 84

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Dealer in Furniture!

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Hardware, Horse Shoes, Groceries, Saddles, Iron, Nails, Queensware, Buggy Whips, Buggy Wheels, Stoves, Cane Mills, Harness, Spokes, Grates, Cider Mills, Lap Covers, Rims, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars.

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and Cast Pumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roofing and Guttering will have prompt attention.

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Feed Cutters, Corn Planters,

Cider Mills, Cane Mills, Pumps, Iron Fencing, Saw Mills, Engines, Threshing Machines, Hose Belting,

And, in fact, everything pertaining to Agricultural Machinery

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